Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue you ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not choote but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall need none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: do you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend them good ſhipping: but who is heere mine old Maſter *Vincentio*, now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhem, &c.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot me?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What you notorius villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worſhipfull old maſter? yes marrie ſir, ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murther me.

Pedan. Help, ſonne, helpe Signior *Baptiſta*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall gods, oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I liue, the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what cerne it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You Miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awaie, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the lands of me ſignior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murdred his Maſter; I ay I charge him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne, tell me thou villaine, where is my ſonne *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Gaole. Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth commin.

Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?

Gre. Stale officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt,